



# The Vulette

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## Memories

By BOOTS BOWLING

It seems as if it were only yesterday that I hopped from the crowded train into the dismal rain and dark of Martin, Tennessee. I didn't realize what was in store for me nor did I realize that the Junior College would hold such sweet and sorrowful memories in my heart.

I walked into a new world, leaving the old one almost forgotten. I threw a new cloak of knowledge around myself and tried to face the arising wind that I knew was to come.

My freshman year brought me closer to living with people. My sophomore year taught me the true meaning of friends. The things which I learned, the easy and hard way, I shall never forget.

I often sit and think of the changes which have come to pass and of the wonderful friends and incident that could never be forgotten. These are the things to look back on when the going seems pretty tough.

I remember when I first came in contact with the many different people on the campus—gee! I was so green. So many names to learn and people to know—it was easy, however, because so many were in the same boat with me and they were trying to, too.

I went through the first quarter and everything was fine. I lived at Blackie's then and I mean she was just another mother. When things didn't go quite well, it was Blackie who boosted my spirits back to normal. You see I had to get adjusted to many things and it was really quite a problem for awhile—but soon the ball was rolling and rolled right into the winter quarter. The parties that were held in the winter quarter are still discussed by the girls and boys who helped make them a success. The Barnwarmin', with the smell of hay and the cute and witty costumes. The Carnieus with its funny dances and serious acts combined. Those are the things that a person just can't forget. It really makes one feel swell to know that such things could exist in the war-torn world of today.

Then the spring quarter—that's when the Navy moved in and Blackman Hall girls moved out. They, or should I say we, were then taken under the loving wing of Mrs. Reed, who has loved us and cared for us like our own mothers.

It seemed that fate stepped in then and decided the Junior College could do without some of the boys on the campus, cause it was then that most of 'em left to join Uncle Sam and his other nephews. But before they left they really got in the good times. This time of the year was the most beautiful the trees were fully leaved and the flowers were in bloom and spreading their fragrance over the beautiful Junior College campus and also the love birds. It was very common to see couples strolling in the grove, sitting under the trees and taking hikes along the highway. This was what the boys had to leave, but with them left memories, those which no one could take from them.

We missed the boys after they left and a vacant spot has remained ever since. But we are confident that they are doing their best wherever they are.

It took the students as a whole to get to be themselves again, but it seems that the spirit couldn't be smothered as the trees went on rustling and the classes were still met sometimes. Then the sophomores began to realize that they wouldn't be coming back any more, 'cause graduation was near. That was a swell group that left

ole Junior College last year. Friends that were made and that shall never be forgotten. But the wonderful freshmen year, which had initiated us in many ways, at last came to an end—some to come back, others to do differently. With the hurrying and bustling of packing amid goodbyes, I was off again to the good old home town to stay for three glorious months with a few trips and swimming galore. The three months soon came to an end and I was packing and getting ready for the sophomore class in U. T. J. C.

Upon arriving, friends met me with hellos and I'm glad to see you and all the other greetings that make one feel wonderful.

Classes started right away and chem too. I think I'll say that chem was about the hardest thing I ever tried to tackle (haven't succeeded yet). Unknowns that stayed unknown and atoms that you don't find in the Garden of Eden. Well, anyway, we pushed off to a good start. All of our boys weren't with us, but the campus was brightened with the smiling faces and welcoming arms of the cadets. Ahem!

Everything was so different, but life went on the same with occasional parties thrown in. The first quarter was pretty much the same throughout. Freshman initiation was probably the "biggest" happening and it ended with the big Plantation Party, which went over with a bang! You see folks it's things like that that will live in the hearts of the students.

The winter quarter, after Xmas, was somewhat different and much more exciting. We had two big dances with orchestras and all the trimmings. It was just super—the hepcats jiving all over the place. So many things (not so many at that) happened that they slip my mind at the present. But I'll continue with my feeble thoughts.

The spring quarter opened with a rainy dismal day that dampened everyone's spirit for awhile, but soon the sun shone through the black clouds and lighted the way. A few parties were scattered thru and the swimming meet with which the Black team swam away.

One of the most interesting and fascinating parties was the Wild West with which little Bunny M., really did a good job. Hats off to Bunny and the gang. The floor show was typical of the wild west with a little "Roaring" on the side. Following that was the beautiful Aloha Oe, in which the sophomores shone. It was something that all shall remember and mark to tell to their grandchildren. Proud mothers and fathers sat with heads erect and their minds relaxed.

Mother's Day—Oh! that's the sweet day. Makes one stop and think. Where would I be without mother and her sacrifices and her tender loving care. I was fortunate to have my mother visit me on Mother's Day. Others were just as fortunate too.

With the passing of that week end two more things were looked forward to—graduation and the final dance. The final dance was one of beauty. Cadets from Murray and visitors from everywhere. Gee, it was sad to think that would be the end of the wonderful times at U. T. J. C.

Graduation came with the hustling and bustling of freshmen leaving for just a while, but the sophomores leaving forever. Sounds just awful to say that, but we must face things like that. After the hundred goodbyes and a few tears and write me, will you, we all parted to go into another unknown world. Some would go on to school, others would leap into various jobs a person feels pretty confident after two years of college, especially two at the Junior College. But still there's much to be learned and lots waiting for us at the gate of the open field.

Memories of the Junior College and friends will live on. Those are the things that can't be taken

from one. The boys who have given their lives are probably still thinking of the wonderful things that they went through and wishing us all success and happiness. Memories are just memories and can be lived over a thousand times.

## A Night's Work On The Annual

About eight o'clock, if you'll look out a window, you'll see Boots, Anne, Ava Lee and I straggling over to Mr. Phillips' office. There's a wild scramble and then Boots emerges from Ma Wilson's hidden behind a sack of cokes and cakes. We then trudge happily into the office and get down to the business of working on the annual between bites—hey, who bit me?

At first it was an awful task to get down to work when there were so many good-looking pictures to look at. However, we tackled the job with a frenzy and finally straightened the whole thing out. We've seen those pictures so many times if our minds had been cameras they would be cluttered with film. OK, so they are!

While Anne and I are getting glue over each other, Boots is madly pounding away on the typewriter, and Ava Lee and Mr. Phillips are running up and down on a page with a ruler. Who's chasing who? Oh, they're just measuring spaces for the pictures.

After Anne and I get the pages fixed, we tear 'em up and fix 'em all over again. I wish you'd quit dipping me in that can of glue, I sputter, appearing with my ears glued back.

As we sit around the desk, gapping at Mr. Phillips, discussing and well, discussing, he says, "Say, Boots, how's Mortimer Snerd these days?" Unless you've heard it, you won't get it. That's OK, Boots didn't either.

What with trying to find suitable pictures of last year and this year students, it's strictly a job. It's hard work—no doubt about it, but it's a lot of fun. Particularly the peculiar sensation you have upon crawling out from under a table after someone has aimed a remark at you. Everyone else thinks it's funny, so what in the world, Pearl? You may as well laugh too.

Anne is art editor—you know what that is. She tells what goes where and where goes what. Boots writes what you're going to read about yourself—you'll never know it's you when you read it. Ava Lee is the co-agitator—wanta know what she does? She coagitates. You know what I do—I've asked you for money until—well, until. And—Mr. Phillips—you all know Mr. Phillips—between puffs on his pipe, he pipes us down.

Gosh, it's already eleven o'clock—time to run back to the dorm before that last little bell rings. We all bid Mr. Phillips good night and walk sleepily into the dorm.

## Wild West Party

"Giddap, Napoleon, it looks like rain," was a typical password for the Wild West Party. After using this or similar lingo to gain admittance the first sight was hardness thrown at random on the bleachers, a saddle on a wooden, headless horse and the peace and calm of the Old West in the midst of the fall roundup. Of course, no western party would be complete without the saloon and chorus girls. At nine o'clock sharp four of the snappiest high-steppingest little gals this side of the Rio Grande, introduced their own Bogie Reel. To you who are not hep to the jive lingo this means the old fashioned Virginia Reel, done with a boggie beat. Not to be outdone the Navy rendered its version of "Pistol Packing Mama." After this bit of harmonizing the guests were coaxed back to the party by a tap dancing num-

ber and a few songs on the accordion.

To make us remember we were not really a part of the woolly west a strictly modernistic jitterbug team took the spotlight. Yes sir, pardner, them shore was some rug cutters! While everyone regained their breath, a sweet little gal from north of the state line sang several songs, such as "Goodnight Wherever You Are" and "I'll Get By."

After this floor show the sponsors herded everyone toward the lobby where the bar was located. Here each one received his twelve full ounces. Shore we took ours straight from the bottle!! Nothing but a tenderfoot needs a straw. Besides these generous drinks the chuck wagon left tubs of popcorn.

After spending the remainder of the evening skipping the rope, dancing, etc., the tired little buckaroos returned to their ship and dormitories. Then to be tucked in bed by Lt. McKay and Mrs. Reed.

Well, Napoleon, reckon you can slow down now 'cause that thar rain shower has done blowed over. Ann Garrigan.

## Speech Arts Program

As in the past, the Forum Club presented their programs before numerous high schools in West Tennessee again this year. The purpose of these programs is to give the participating students actual experience before an audience and to aid in maintaining public contact for U. T. J. C. among the West Tennessee high schools.

Two programs were given—one an "Armed Services" program and the other, a panel discussion. The "Armed Services" program, with the patriotic theme prevailing, consisted of a musical medley by Kathryn Taylor; a humorous reading, an excerpt from "See Here Private Hargrove," by Billie Worthington; a series of short speeches—"This is the Army Mr. Jones," by Joanna Livingston; "Here Comes the Navy," by Evelyn Sanders, and "Hats Off To the Marines," by Imogene Denning; a vocal solo by Mary Ethel Lansden, and a military tap dance by Evelyn Sanders and Sara Lee Foster. The panel discussion program was composed of a humorous reading by Marita Maxey; instrumental music by Kathryn Taylor; a panel discussion on "World Peace Plans" by Jean Letch, Rose Virginia Capps, Lois Elkins and Tommy Landrum, and a duet by Margaret Bowling and Jean Letch. Others who also appeared on several of these programs were Harriet Herron and Ella Jane Campbell.

Both programs were well received at every school where they were given. Both the students and faculty members seemed to enjoy the programs and to appreciate the time and effort given by members of the Forum Club in order to present these programs. This year, as gasoline was rationed, it was necessary to present pro-

grams before several schools on each trip. The schools visited this year were: Union City, Hornbeak, Troy, Martin, Greenfield, Sharon, Dresden, Rutherford, Trenton, Paris, Cottage Grove, Springville, Savannah, Selmer, Bolivar, Parsons, Lexington, Huntingdon, Covington, Dyersburg, Jackson, Big Sandy, Camden, South Fulton, Trimble and Obion. The Speech Arts students also presented a program at the Martin Methodist Church on March 12, a Mother's Day program there on May 14. They gave a program for the Martin Rotary Club and for the U. T. J. C. assembly.

In recognition of the excellent work done by these students in presenting the Speech Arts programs before West Tennessee high schools and by so doing, maintaining the pleasing relations between U. T. J. C. and these high schools, the University of Tennessee Junior College is giving awards to the students who have participated in these programs. The school is also giving a banquet for students who have taken part in Speech Arts activities or have held office in the Forum Club this year.

At the close of a successful series of programs, the students of the Forum Club, who have made trip to present Speech Arts programs, wish to thank the faculty for their splendid cooperation in these activities and for permitting the students to make up work missed while away on Speech Arts trips.

## S. C. A. PARTY

The S. C. A. weiner roast, scheduled for May 12, exchanged nights with the Freshman Wild West Party. The S. C. A. cancelled plans for the weiner roast and had a party in the gymnasium on the night of April 22. Swimming and various games were enjoyed throughout the evening. Refreshments were served. This was the last S. C. A. social for this quarter.

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# CONFETTI

Have you seen Cissy Taylor running around here with that "far away look" in her eye. Oh, but you still have those Army wings to wear. Eh, Cissy!

I wonder why the plaster fell in Mrs. Reed's rooms? Do you know, Margaret and Betty?

Say! folks! Better watch Jenny Hulme. The Army and Navy really keep her morale up with letter. Also the Marines. Eh, Jennie?

Wonder why Betty Hart has started wearing her Navy wings again. Could it be because White has left?

Blank seems to be getting to be a pretty good life-saver. Wonder who he is practicing on?

They say Bunny is simply dying to ride in Garner's car. Come on, Garner, don't play so hard to get.

The gruesome twosome (Mac-hamer and Gooch).

We just can't figure out that new couple, Meriwether and Proctor. Not that we're insinuating anything.

Ann seems to have an extra mail clerk with her these days. We thought Ridgeway wanted to be a doctor.

We knew Joy Jones was absent minded, but when did she start going to the show half-clad on rainy nights?

There seems to be a fad of standing men up, but only long faces follow we've noticed.

What's the attraction at Midway now? We thought Embry-Riddle was gone.

Eunice Gooch is taking her life-saving course seriously. She certainly came in "all wet" one night last week.

Why does chemistry lab prove to be so entertaining and interesting these days? Mr. Campbell has some powerful magnetic attraction, eh, girls!

I hear Cels Chamberlain is going to teach school next year. At least, Cels has too much on the ball to be an old maid school teacher.

Seems like every girl is out to beat every other girl on a nice suntan. Why I heard Lois practically cooked herself the other day to get a few shades darker than Martha Jo Harkey.

Some of the gals grow happier and happier as June 2 gets nearer. Can it be caused by the end of classes or the approaching state of matrimony?

Why has Joy Jones agreed to bid Camp Tyson goodbye after the dance May 27th?

Gladys Williams has that good-looking sailor's picture on her dresser. No wonder she's taking such an interest in food preservation!!!

What room in Reed Hall has become known as "the smoker"? And wonder why?

Corky, why do you like to go to town so much?

Have you met the two new nightowls of the campus—Dumas and Berry?

Mr. Campbell suggests all chemistry students to take paper and clean out their drawers before trying another unknown trick.

Have you heard that Jane's trumpet lesson has ceased since a certain Smith was Bainbridge bound.

Millie is certainly a jinx around this place. Only four cadets have left the Martin campus after associating with her.

Those Sunday night candy makings have long since been stopped since Lindy and Allison have had to leave Phyllis and Jane to work. Somehow they just can't bear the thought of candy-making any more.

Say, Jean, how is Milligan's resistance these days?

I hear that the "Youngs" are taking over in Room 191. Wonder what poor Ann will do?

Why, Harriet, it must have been a real wolf to keep you out ten minutes late. Better watch it. We hear there are several others interested in Cheyenne—huh, Sarah?

Janie Bug don't you know it isn't good for one's health (or demerits) to miss chow? Shame, first thing you know you will be restricted with "rampitis."

Even if a lot of people weren't excited about the dance, Harry Moultrie seemed to be in seventh heaven.

Seems that Bunny goes in for redheads—have you noticed her?

Mary Will and Dot seem to have the same taste when it comes to cadets. Too bad about them.

Who is Nancy Wirt's new "chin-up" boy?

The Bills are quite popular around the Gardner House—Bill Allison, Bill Holder, Bill Ballenger and (ahem) telephone bills.

Louis Liggett you are still pretty. It ain't that you're lost yo' beauty. It jes' so happens that a certain blond cadet likes blond gals instead of charming brunettes of yo' type.

Meriwether, watch your step in Reed Hall living room. After all—

Blank, don't you wish you had your six-bits back?

I wonder why Harry blushed so much when you mention Monday night at Union City Carnival?

Could someone please donate 5 cents to Mary Watson to buy her a pencil?

Stewart Lee and Blankenship really were "going to town" on that ping-pong game Wednesday. Of course we noticed they did not "play" very much.

Mary Willis is getting worried about Sherrill. After all she has a right to—that orchestra he's in is taking off this summer to hotels to do a grand job. Watch your "Franky," Mary Will.

Allie's gone. But don't think she hasn't left her influence. Had you noticed Betty Boone's men left for Bainbridge the other day. Could it be that the trait runs in the family?

Martha Jo says she has the hardest time digesting her food due to the attractions at noon.

Raindrops, your should be more careful about you art. This is war and red paint is scarce.

If anyone desires to see Mr. Kroll during summer vacation, you will find him living by "Walden Pond," writing about that new and entertaining field of literature, Romanticism.

Mary's little lamb followed her to school, but now it's Mary Kathy who follows her cadet to classes.

What kind of scandal, which is practically historical, is Martha trying to dig up? Could it be worms?

Since when did Ridgeway get to be a deputized mail carrier or has Ann some influence on the postmaster general to hire a mail carrier escort? Dangerous characters are lurking, Ann!

Virginia Lowrance doesn't spend her time moaning or waiting does she. She got over Harry, but quick.

Margaret, when you are giving a surprise birthday party the idea is to surprise the one having a birthday, not tell them about it.

Have you seen Laura Jackson's men? OK, Huh! But there still seems to be an old faithful.

The lights were out and everything was still—until the wolves began to howl. The girls bound to the windows only to find dashing Bob Dumas and his silent unknown friends.

Can you imagine a girl feeding her boy friend paper? Katie, his name may be Billy, but that don't mean "nothing."

It seems that Gilbert Collier has been a frequent visitor on the campus lately—he couldn't be coming to see Boots, could he?

Seems that Rita has her eyes on Sharon these days. How about that?

Ask Bob Dumas why he and Boots and Cels were so tickled this week in chemistry lecture. No reaction!!

Gooch has a new picture in her room, and it seems Blank is trying to sell quite a few of them or is that why Dot was perched

on a shelf in the book store?

Katy and Gert, the frequent twosome, seem to be doing all right.

Lois looks lonesome. Wonder why? Too bad, Ware, you should have told the Navy you'd rather stay here.

That was a hot softball game the other night—Millie is a perfect fly catcher or ground skinner.

It seems that the nine girls you usually see together on the upper floor of Reed Hall have a big week end planned. If you don't know about it you might ask either Boots, Cels, Joan, Anne, Rita, Lois, Sis and Rosie to explain in detail.

What a rush! What a bustle! Pull it off! Ann's going to June week at Annapolis.

What's this I hear about Joan H. sewing snaps on Phelps? Pardon me, I mean his coat.

## RICE-SMITH

Miss Ruth Smith, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Smith of Sardis, and Neal Rice son of Mrs. Mary Rice, were married Saturday night, May 6 in the Methodist Church in Corinth, Miss. The Rev. R. L. Newman, pastor, officiated, using the double ring ceremony. The bride was becomingly dressed in navy blue and her accessories were white. Her shoulder corsage was of red rosebuds. The attendants were Miss Opal Smith, sister of the bride, Miss Almolee Kirk and James Bivins, all of Sardis. The bride is employed at the Wolf Creek Ordnance Plant at Milan, Tennessee, but is now on a month's leave of absence. The groom will graduate from U. T. Junior College in June and will enter military service. Mrs. Rice and Neal Rice of Sardis, have an apartment in the Burchard home on University Street, Martin, since he entered U. T. Junior College nearly two years ago. The bride and groom are with his mother at present.

## Signs of Spring

By ALICE HAMILTON

Signs of spring on U. T. J. C. campus consists of birds singing, squirrels running up and down trees and boys and girls holding hands. Ah! me. Love's old sweet story! It must be true that in the spring a young person's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Its rumored around that we are losing two of our freshmen girls to the holy bonds of matrimony. If this rumor is true, girls, here's wish you much happiness. Girls, are you letting Garner escape without any strings attached. That will never do.

Looking about over the campus one can see the English class sitting under the trees and for the benefit of various and sundry persons, we learned as much, if not more, that day as any day that preceded it. The tennis courts are a very popular place these days. Everyone is doubly glad the rains have ceased for the time being anyway!! Sunbaths and tennis courts have caused many freckles to pop out on the girls. There seems to be a bad, as well as good, side to everything.

The grove seems to be a popular place these days; it is blooming with bright colored dresses as well as pretty colored flowers.

The teachers on the campus can really tell that spring is here. There classes have a few empty seats every day. We hope they understand how hard it is for us to sit in the classroom during such pretty days as we are having now. We notice that some of the teachers have shed their coats and we can't say as we blame them.

I wonder why it is the cadets seldom come in the living room any more. They either sit in the yard or meander around the campus with their heartthrob of the moment.

The softball games that are played in the evening after supper furnish a bit of entertainment

for all concerned. We believe our girls can rival a Broadway beauty revue???

A sure sign of spring is the arrival of strawberries in the dining hall. We give three cheers for Mrs. Patterson. She knows how to help revive a person.

The lawn chairs are being put to good use these days. What is nicer than sitting in one of the chairs under the shade of a tree and writing letters to the "one and only." The only thing that could be nicer would be to sit in the chair with the "one and only" in person. The girls around here like to lay on their pallets and attempt to get a sunburn; they usually succeed.

In fact the only thing wrong with spring on this campus is the fact that we sophomores won't be here for another one. It seems to always be true that good things must end eventually.

## Just Imagine

Neal Rice married.  
Mr. Phillips without his pipe.  
Going to Bacteriology and not having a quiz.  
Reed Hall without a clapper in the bell.  
Patty and Drucilla singing a duet. Mrs. Reed can.  
Martha Moss afraid of a bug.  
June Tubbs not wanting an apple.  
Cels without her baby talk.  
The White team losing a ball game.  
Dot Cecil robbing a strawberry patch.  
Harriet Herron without her giggles.  
Billie Worthington without her swoon for Eff.  
Louise Liggett falling down the stairs head first.  
Corky Greer not flirting with the cadets.  
Gooch taking it easy for half a day.  
Billie Cantrell playing dolls.  
Margaret Burton flirting.  
Katy Taylor not talking.  
Ann Proctor in low heels.  
Joy Copeland not laughing about something.  
Miss Watkins serious.  
Betty Margaret not wanting a letter from a certain—guess who?  
Mary Ethel "preaching."  
Emmie Denning snubbing somebody.  
Barbara Machammer in her room for fifteen minutes.  
Meriwether with a steady "girl."  
Blank not going to Jab's.  
Gardner House going to bed on time.  
Marjorie Midgett not pulling a trick on somebody.  
Mary Ann Rainey and Juanita Brewer not going to the show the night before a quiz.

## Forum Club Banquet

The Forum Club officers, members who participated in programs and faculty members who were closely connected with the club, were presented with a lovely banquet at the Methodist Church last Thursday evening at six o'clock. The banquet was sponsored by the college as a token of appreciation for the work which the club has done this past year.

After a most delicious dinner, Joan Hornbeak, president of the club, who acted as toastmaster, introduced Mr. Meek. He made a very inspiring talk concerning our school and its future; he also was very complimentary in respect to the accomplishments of the Forum Club.

When Mr. Meek's talk was finished the toastmaster made a short speech thanking the school for the many opportunities which it had offered the club and for the banquet.

Then came the most exciting period of the evening. Mr. Allen, the club sponsor (and an excellent one, too) presented medals to those members who had taken part in five or more programs during the past year. There were a lot of smiling faces to be seen as the

beautiful medals were removed from their boxes. Medals with an orator engraved on the front were awarded to the members who had prepared and gave their original speeches, and gold medals with a torch engraved upon them were given to members who took other roles, such as humorous readings, piano solos, tap dancing, singing and so forth.

After the medals were received Mr. Allen spoke a few words in appreciation of the attitude and accomplishments of the club members which brought the banquet to a close.

## Girls' Intramurals

As I sit here writing this I can really put my heart into it because of the wonderful experiences I have had with intramurals.

This is an organization every girl should thoroughly enjoy and would enjoy if they'd only take a little time to "have fun."

Intramurals builds personality, sportsmanship and just so many other things that I really wouldn't have time to mention all traits.

When I first heard about intramurals I had no idea what it was all about. Now its something that I wouldn't have missed for anything in the world.

The girls of U. T. J. C. are all put on teams. There are eight teams and each is named a color. The teams compete in sports throughout the entire school year. A girl is not required to play—but it sure helps a person's morale when one does play. This year we have had some good games and some "awful" games. The good overruled the bad, however.

Our intramural swimming meet was one of the biggest events during the entire year. The Black team, Laura Lou Jackson, captain, won this meet with 112 points and little Bunny Mangrum was high point woman with 58 of the 112. Something ain't it!

Our softball this quarter was good too! Heretofore the Whites have been pretty good in all sports and have won two or three championships. Everyone was surprised—even the Yellows—when they (Yellows) walked away with the honors. It was a pretty tight squeeze 'cause the Yellows were few and far between, but they surely did a good job.

Tennis and archery were played of this quarter too and the mighty Eunice Gooch won the tennis tournament with Sis Sander runnerup. The match was played in the cool of the evening so everything was to an advantage.

Mary Duncan was winner of the archery and that fal had a score of 355 in one game. How about that? She tells me she had never had a bow and arrow in her hand until she came here. Good work!

With our tennis match intramurals was ended and with it ended a glorious year's work for me. It's true its been lots of trouble, but I wouldn't have changed any of it.

Chenille "Ts" were given to the following five girls for high points in intramural over a two year period:

Boots Bowling, 157 points, Black.  
Sis Sanders, 104 points, White.  
Katy Taylor, 96 points, White.  
Amanda Harding, 60 points, Yellow.

Celia Taylor, 57 points, Black.  
Medals were also given to the winners and runnersup of the following individual sports:

Horseshoes: Alberta Maroney, winner; Boots Bowling, runnerup.  
Archery: Mary Duncan, winner; Anna L. Hays, runnerup.

Other awards were given and team names will be carried on trophies which stand in the trophy case in the front hall of the gym.

I want all to know that intramurals meant a lot to the girls who like sports and activity, even to those who don't care much for invigorating moods. Wishing all next year as much fun as this year.

"Boots" Bowling,  
Intramural Manager.



## FUTURE PLANS OF U. T. J. C. GRADUATES

(Continued from page 1)  
counters" in her father's store and go to U. T. in Knoxville this fall. Mary Will McDaniel plans to attend summer school.

Louise Priestley plans to spend a week in Knoxville visiting relatives and friends. On June 26 she will enter U. T. School of Nursing in Memphis as a cadet nurse.

Tommy Landrum plans to be "in and around" Memphis during the summer. In the fall he will attend U. T. in Knoxville.

"Boots" Bowling plans to be in Memphis until the latter part of the summer; then a trip to California is in view.

Joan Hornbeak is going to work in Memphis at Levey's. In the latter part of the summer she will accompany "Boots" to California.

Mary Ann Rainey plans to rest this summer and prepare for Big U. T. Preparation will consist mainly of mowing the lawn.

Sherrill Parks plans to go to various hotels with the Rhythmaires. In the fall he will attend U. T. in Knoxville.

J. E. Blankenship plans to attend U. T. in Knoxville this summer.

Celia Taylor plans to be at home in Pikeville, then in September she will enter U. T. in Knoxville.

"Sis" Sanders plans to work at the theatre until the middle of June, when she moves to Memphis. In September she plans to enroll in U. T. Medical School as a cadet nurse.

Ann Black plans to be in Memphis for the summer, then U. T. in Knoxville.

Elaine King plans to be in Memphis "resting at home."

This closes the list of graduates whose plans have been given to me. There are others I do not have. Good luck, graduates! May success and happiness follow you throughout your life.

Louise Priestley.

## Books For Morale

Everyone is doing his part for the war effort. Our library is doing its part too. During the last few weeks Miss Burney and her assistants have been assembling books collected during the Victory Book Drive, which ended on December 31 1943. The sponsors of this drive were the American Library Association, The American Red Cross and the U. S. O. The books which passed through our library for distribution were donated by surrounding counties. After sending part to the Army and Navy distributing centers, we now have 84 volumes for the American Merchant Marine. These books will be sent to the American Merchant Marine Library at New Orleans and Norfolk, Virginia. A large percentage of these books are novels which will be taken out on ships with the crews to help lighten the tedium of the long hard voyages.

During the last two years 10,290,713 books have been collected for our armed forces. Six hundred of these books have passed through our library.

Three cheers for our library and its librarian and assistants. Keep up the good work.

Rose Va. Capps.

## Mail Time

To all of us coeds at U. T. Junior College mail time is a very much looked forward to occasion. This wonderful event happens twice a day. From eight o'clock in the morning till nine, the hall outside the boxes is jammed with girls watching for letters from privates to four star generals, and also cherished letters from home. Then any time from 1 to 5 in the afternoon the mail carrier makes his appearance. When again the hall rings with "Is it all up?" "There's something in my box" or "No letter today."

Yes, mail time is a great event in our college life.

## FINAL DANCE

(Continued from page 1)

Jaen's print pique dress and the lieutenant's palm beach summer uniform.

A bouquet of flowers to the Rhythmaires for the wonderful music. We are very proud of our own Katy and Sherrill. I am sure the students next year will want to hear more of them.

It seems that room 26 was well represented fashionably by Boots and Joan. Boots in black and white net and Joan in black jersey. I must say, I saw neither of these girls with the same partner twice.

Thank You Department: Thank you Commander Hall for bringing the Murray cadets to Martin. Thank you, decoration committee for making the gym so attractive for the au revoir. Also thanks to the committee who obviously planned the dance very well.

All in all we believe the final dance "went over with a bang" and everyone had a most luscious time.

Hedy.

## The Rhythmaires

What started out in September of this school year to be "Katy and the Ka-dets" or the "Cornie Aires," under the direction of Sherrill Parks, has now reached a height worth mentioning. Up until Christmas the U. T. J. C. orchestra consisted of Sherrill Parks, vocalist and manager; Katy Taylor, pianist; J. L. Taylor, trumpeter; William Bell, trombonist; Harry Baird, drummer; A/C Effinger, saxophonist. Due to Baird's call to the Navy and Effinger's departure, something had to be done or the band was to suffer. As luck would have it Kitty Adams, a Martin blonde, stepped right in and took over the drums. Still there was no sax player. In January, Sellers Leach from Paris, leader of the Rhythmaires, was in just as bad a shape as the U. T. J. C. Band, because of his boys entering the service. His band combined with the band here and ever since it has been perfectly marvelous the breaks that band has gotten. After combining the orchestra then had ten members. From Paris the leader, Sellers Leach, is another Tommy Dorsey on the trombone; also on the trombone from Paris is Jimmy Brice and three grand saxophone players make up the sax section—Boozie Bomar on the tenor sax, Billy Ray Baulch and Bill McCauley on alto saxs.

In January the newly combined Rhythmaires played for the T. V. A. Association and employees at the Pervillion in Camden. The dance was a big formal and the crowd asked them back the following Saturday night to play for another. The dances continued weekly for quite a while until the construction work moved on.

A formal Valentine dance was given in the armory at Paris for which the Rhythmaires furnished the music. On March 4 the Rhythmaires played for the Home Ec dance here at the Junior College. It was a big success and 50 Embury-Riddle cadets came over.

Club Royal at Huntingdon was the scene of a big April Fool dance for which the orchestra played. A big crowd and a grand response made the orchestra feel that the night was really successful. Again the two following nights the orchestra played there. On April 27 the Rhythmaires played for Decaturville High School for the Junior-Senior Prom. With colorful decorations and beautiful young girls and lovely evening gowns each member of the orchestra said he really felt an urge to do his best that night.

The Union City Junior-Senior Prom turned out to be a Barn Dance with all the youngsters dressed in overalls, shorts, slacks and pigtailed hanging down their backs. The dance floor was decorated with harness, hay, plows and other typical farm equipment.

The orchestra played until one o'clock and still the kids were not tired but the orchestra signed off to get some sleep.

The orchestra has several engagements to fill before school is out but the climax of this year is yet to come. The orchestra has been offered a job for the summer months by the U. S. Orchestra Union subject to placement at various hotels throughout the United States. The first hotel will be at Miami, Florida. The members of the band are still contemplating the subject, but believe me—it's a chance of a lifetime. Go—play hard this summer and remember U. T. J. C. is proud of you.

## JERSEY CLASSIFICATION

(Continued from page 1)  
identify each cow, and made interest greater. During the program Mr. H. H. Kroll took motion pictures in color that should be of interest to the breeders present.

The latter part of the program consisted of a summary of the classification work in Weakley and adjoining counties done that week by Professor Regan. Mr. Gardiner also gave a very interesting talk on Jersey improvement work in West Tennessee.

This was an initial classification for the Junior College herd, and we should be very proud of its success.

## Mother's Day Program

The Forum Club ended its successful season at the Methodist Church when members took part in a very fitting and inspiring Mother's Day program. The Forum Club also furnished the choir, accompanied at the organ by Jean Letch.

Tommy Landrum read the scripture and Joanna Livingston led the opening prayer. Mary Ethel Lansden was the vocalist who sang "My Mother." The club discovered new and young talent, Phyllis Allen, who sang "That Wonderful Mother of Mine" beautifully, accompanied by Kathryn Taylor at the piano. Mary Ann Rainey gave a reading, "Annunciation Day of Mother." Ava Lee Hays gave an inspiring talk on Mother's Day. Imogene Denning concluded the program by speaking on "Mother and Son." Harriet Herron gave the benediction.

The Forum Club has been an asset to the campus and to the University this year, and in behalf of the members of the club we wish to thank Mr. Allen for his guidance and cooperation. Mr. Allen is the backbone of the Forum Club, and the laurels go to him for his work.

## The Last Minute Rush

Hey! what time is it? Where is my pencil? Who has my notes? Everybody keep their fingers crossed for me—I'm off to my doom—chemistry final. That is what's heard just before each exam. But the night before is the mad rush. All the lights on until after twelve, why one would think we were studying, and some few are cramming in that last essential bit of knowledge.

I bet Plough makes enough money off the extra amount of aspirin sold during exams to buy three battleships, and the Coca-Cola Company probably makes enough off the extra cokes to buy heaps of jeeps and peeps.

Then comes that grand and glorious day, Wednesday at five o'clock. Exams are over and everyone is off in a huddle trying to decide which of the many things they intend to do before they leave this place.

Between all the running around and that eleven o'clock bell, we manage to get a few things thrown into a bag, only to realize later that we must have the very thing we packed in the bottom. More fun to repack. Hey! who has my striped blouse that was borrowed

the first week of school last fall? Bring it home. Emergency—everybody on the top floor come sit on my trunk while I try to lock it.

With the last day drawing nigh, everyone is telling everyone else goodbye between each tear drop. you would think a flood was coming.

## CLASS MEETINGS

The sophomore class met and elected a committee for an informal dance on April 29. Margaret

Bowling was the student in charge.

There was another class meeting to elect the most outstanding sophomore student. Katy Taylor was elected by secret ballot.

Another meeting was to elect a committee for the final dance on May 20. Sherrill Parks was the student in charge.

The freshman class met and decided to sponsor a Wild West Party May 12. Mary Kelly was the student in charge.

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